THE PACIFIC

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SONG.

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
And right for wrong;
Softly speak to the weak,
Help them along;
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

—Robert Lovehan.

THE PACIFIC

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A FAMOUS SURGEON WHO PRAYED BEFORE OPERATING.

At the recent funeral services of Dr. Murphy of Chicago, a surgeon of world-wide fame, Bishop Muldoon said:

"He went away as he had lived, nobly careless of himself and thinking only of the things he had undertaken to do. His memory will live on through the years. Great in the medical and surgical world, Dr. Murphy did not make his talents. They were gifts from God. It was only thirty years—a brief span—that he worked, but today the world mourns him.

"He was a man strong in the faith and believed in all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. There was no more practical Catholic in the city than Dr. Murphy. He proved to the world that true science and true religion can go together. He never trod down any of his profession through all the years, but men stood by wondering at his knowledge, power and dexterity. They did not know that before operating on a difficult case he knelt down and prayed the Great Healer to give him skill."

The Bishop told of Dr. Murphy's great charity and love for his fellow men. He said that in the last year 52 per cent. of his cases were without remuneration. It was his great love for mankind, he asserted, that earned him the love and reverence the world is giving him now.

Agassiz, before making any of his great experiments as a scientist, invoked the Divine aid.

Farragut, under the fire of Confedarate guns on the Mississippi, breathed a prayer for direction, and seemed to hear a voice which said, "Go forward."

TOURISTS THRONG COLORADO, A PROHIBITION STATE.

When the campaign against the saloons was on in Colorado it was claimed by the friends of the saloon that prohibition would greatly damage the tourist business.

This was emphasized especially by Calvin H. Morse, a hotel and railroad man. Two weeks ago the Denver News contained this item:

"Additional hotel facilities must be provided at the various Colorado summer resorts if the expanding army of tourists are to be properly cared for, according to a statement made by Calvin H. Morse, vice-president of the Denver tourist bureau, yesterday.

"The resorts in the state are filling up at a rate that makes it imperative to extend hotel accomodations," said Mr. Morse. "There is not a Colorado resort of any consequence but that feels the absolute need of more accomodations. The advertising that has been done by the tourist bureau has caused an increase of hundreds in the number of tourists that are coming to the intermountain region and next year and the years to follow will bring an army of visitors far beyond the capacity of the existing hotels to care for. Some decisive and concerted action must be taken to remedy this situation."

"The various resorts along our lines are filling rapidly with tourists," said Frank A. Wadleigh, passenger traffic manager of the Denver & Rio Grande. "Hundreds of people who heretofore have made a practice of traveling in Europe are filling up the resort centers of Colorado. The Pikes Peak region, the sky-line drive at Canon City to the top of the Royal gorge, the Mesa Verde national park, the Taos country in northern New Mexico and the ruins in the vicinity of Santa Fe are attracting a large number of tourists. We are having many inquiries about the San Geronimo day festival at Taos on Sept. 20, and people as far away as the New England states have had accomodations reserved for them."

TOURISTS AND WINE.

The Fresno Republican is of opinion that the tourists will not be affected by lack of opportunity to get wine at hotels in California. We quote a recent article:

" 'Don't insult the tourist,' says a street car placard signed by the 'California Taxpayers' League,' which is doubtless more properly the 'California Licensepayers' League.' 'Hospitable California cannot afford to tell her tourist guests that they should drink our wine outside the State, but cannot have even a glass served with a meal in any California hotel, restaurant, summer resort or club. Vote No on both prohibition amendments.'

This argument would be more plausible if there were even a suspicion that those who make it were interested in it. If it were possible, for instance, so to formulate a law that any tourist who was accustomed to drinking California wines in his own home should have the privilege of drinking them in his California hotel, probably no one but the most outright prohibitionist would object. But the persons who pay for this placard would not care. Most of them are interested not in wine served with meals, but in whisky served over the bar. Not daring to defend their own industry, they are hiding behind another which has respectable friends. For that matter, even the wine men are not particularly interested in the serving in California hotels of California wine to guests who have been in the habit of drinking it in their homes. The total possible revenue from this source would not pay for the paint on their barrel hoops. The fact is that very few California tourists drink wine at home and that the driest parts of California are in the tourist section made so by the votes of tourists who have remained to make their homes in California. The huge majority of California tourists come from localities and homes in which wine is not customary. For that matter, it is ceasing to be customary even in the places where traditional fiction has alleged it to be universal. The writer, for instance, has just returned from a trip of several weeks to the East, most of which was spent in the two most expensive hotels in the United States. If wine drinking at meals is customary anywhere in America,

it is precisely among the guests of those two hotels. By actual observation at least nine-tenths of the guests at those hotels habitually drank nothing but water with their meals.

"This is not to reprehend wine or wine drinking. If there were no drink in the world but wine and no one used it except at meals, the drink problem would be less serious than the tobacco problem is now and there would be no prohibition issue. But this is only an infinitesimal fraction of the California issue and is not the fraction in which most of those behind the issue are interested. If the wine industry had been intelligent enough to separate its interests from the general contest, its theoretical rights would be seriously considered. But since it has suffered itself to be used as a shield behind which the whisky saloon takes refuge, it must take the risk of being punctured by some missile which would never have been directed at it, were it standing alone."

CONCERNING THE NEW PASTOR OF CITY TEMPLE, LONDON.

The Christian, a London religious journal of a thoroughly conservative type theologically, is not pleased with the calling of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton to City Temple, London. In its number for August the 10th it says:

"The announcement that, at a church-meeting held at the City Temple, a unanimous invitation was given to an American liberal preacher to become the minister of the historic church, will surprise no one. We do not remember a case in which a ministerial call has been so obviously engineered by means of skilful newspaper paragraphs as this. The thing has been quite openly done, and everybody knew what this newspaper puffing meant. And most people, we venture to think, will estimate the call at its true value. But there is another side to the matter. The City Temple occupies a unique position in the Free Churches. It is to Nonconformists what St. Paul's is to Anglican Churchmen. It is more than a local church. It is a sounding-board for Nonconformity. For nearly three hundred years its pulpit, and that of its predecessor, has been Evangelical. The ministry of Dr. Parker was famous the world over. Mr. Campbell provided a disastrous interlude with his vagaries, and in the end left the Congregational body. Free Churchmen, as a whole, have some rights in the City Temple. The Church there, we believe, has a trust deed. The question is whether the building is to become the home of a Liberalism which is akin to Unitarianism, or whether it is to remain a great, broad, Evangelical centre. And it would be well to know how many persons invited Dr. Newton to the pastorate; whether these are in any way representative of the Free Churches, or whether they represent a clique of people determined to enthrone Liberalism at the centre."

The pastor of the Universalist Church at Adams, Iowa, wrote on the 18th of August to the Springfield Republican as follows:

"Regarding your reference to Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton of Cedar Rapids, Ia., recently called to the City temple, London, your paragraph concerning him says that his denominational affiliation has been somewhat uncertain, but he has lately been affiliated with the Universalists. I happen to know that he has been in full fellowship with the Universalists for not less than a dozen years as a regularly ordained minister.

"If he is little known in the East that is not the case in Iowa, where he is so highly regarded as to be classed with half a dozen of the leading men of the state. He is said to have been offered the presidency of Iowa state university, and has been for a considerable time one of the most popular of the occasional speakers at that seat of learning. He was the authorized biographer of the late Rev. Dr. Swing, whose assistant he was in the Chicago pastorate. Dr. Newton is also the author of several widely-read devotional books.

"Since, or shortly after Rev. R. J. Campbell's retirement from the City temple, London, space occupied by him in the Christian Commonwealth has been taken by Dr. Newton, and he has been read by a large number of Englishmen of liberal religious tendencies. Reparts from English papers say that the first congregation which greeted the newly-chosen pastor was not far from the vast audiences of his predecessor in the pastorate of London's leading home of nonconformity.

"Campbell was for several years in close sympathy with Universalist ideals. He told the writer less than five years ago that he could then subscribe to every word of the Universalist declaration of faith. Both he and Newton were Trinitarians of modern type, the last I knew.

"If Dr. Newton fails in London he will have reversed the record of past years. I think what is here written confirms the opinion not of an impartial observer, but an admirer of both men so far as I have known them.

"The City temple folk seem to think they have found a worthy successor to Dr. Joseph Parker.

"It is not important to say that few of us agree with the views of American neutrality attributed to the newly-elected pastor of the City temple, which Dr. Newton has, I understand, not yet accepted.

PASTORS OF CENTRAL UNION CHURCH, HONOLULU, RESIGN.

Just as "The Friend," of Honolulu, was about to go to press for August the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder of Central Union Church, of that city, was announced. The Friend says:

"After nine years of valuable community service, of which his ministerial connection with Honolulu's largest Protestant church was but one important phase, Dr. Scudder will accept a call from the Union Church of Tokyo, Japan. He will thus return to pioneer missionary work, with the hearty sympathy and support of Mrs. Scudder, whose coming to Hawaii was at the instigation of Kawaiahao Seminary, a mission school.

"Dr. Scudder's association with The Friend as its editor-in-chief has been one of rare usefulness and power. In our September issue we will deal more adequately with the subject in its many phases."

The resignation of the Rev. A. A. Ebersole, as assistant pastor, was received about the same time.

Mr. Ebersole has already left for Europe to engage as a worker in the prison camps under appointment by the International Y. M. C. A. Thus Mr. Ebersole returns to a line of work, that of the Y. M. C. A., in which he was engaged for seven years after graduating from the University of Chicago in 1899.

The Friend says: "Mr. Ebersole preached his first sermon in Honolulu July 26, 1908, in the Central Union Church. He did not formally become associate pastor until January, 1912, but at the time of his initial sermon he had been chosen to help in the church work, giving his time

particularly to promotion of religious work among the men of the congregation and the city. His Y. M. C. A. training has stood him in good stead in his church work, the Men's League and Men's Bible Classes making great strides under his leadership.

"Hawaii's hearty God-speed will follow him to the prisoners' camps of Europe."

The prison camp work has been outlined as follows:

"The general plan of the work is to erect in a prisoner of war camp a suitable temporary building which will become the center for various social activities, for extensive educational work, for religious meetings and Bible classes, for a library and reading room and for a choir and orchestra. According to local conditions the plan of work is more or less modified, but this is in general what we try to accomplish.

"The work is done almost entirely through the prisoners themselves, as we invariably find men who need only a little help and suggestion from outside to carry forward the work themselves. Thus a secretary is often able to promote the work in five or six camps, reaching perhaps fifty thousand or more men.

"All the prisoners who engage in this activity are themselves greatly helped by their unselfish efforts to benefit their fellow prisoners, and the whole camp assumes a different aspect as a result of the wholesome interest introduced."

OLD HYMNS REWRITTEN.

Professor Simon N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania has sent forth a book entitled "Advent Songs—A Revision of Old Hymns to Meet Modern Needs." We haven't seen the book, but we have seen comment on it in eastern papers. Among the hymns rewritten in Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Dr. Patten's makes it read:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Brother, friend and comrade dear,
No temptation can control
While thy spirit hovers near.
All I treasure from thee came;
Thy kind deeds all people bless."

People generally will much prefer it as it was originally:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

It is said that Dr. Patten has laid violent hands, Tupper-like, on "Lead Kindly Light."

We quote from a review in the Springfield Republican:

"He writes with an educational purpose as well as for his own satisfaction. He feels that our songs, secular as well as religious, have fallen behind the march of aspiration. He thinks that our separation of songs into various groups—religious, patriotic, topical etc.—is artificial, and that it is not due to 'any gulf in our emotions, but to the fact that religion, patriotism, love and Nature appreciation arose, or at least had their bloom in different languages and at different times.' "Real American emotion,' he believes, "when it frees itself from foreign and traditional trammels, will be a unified flow of feeling, and not a group of isolated rivulets of song.' His aim, however, is not so much to break down the lines of discrimination between the subjects of songs as between man and man. What he chiefly hopes to do is to 'socialize thought and make life with others more spiritual than any form of individual contemplation has proven.'

"In changing the hymns, Prof. Patten undertakes to 'tell of the world that is to be rather than of the life that has been.' 'The Old Testament taught the law, the New Testament the power of love, while now we are developing in the hymn-book a final testament that emphasises social unity. The same spirit that created the older testaments is molding the hymn-book, and will in time make its glory equal to theirs.'

"Let us see how the spirit works in and through Prof. Patten. Hymn No. 1 in 'Advent Songs' is 'The holy trinity,' or a 'modern' version of 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! 'The first stanza of Prof. Patten's hymn is as follows:

Holy, holy, holy, creative energy!
Earth and sky and heav'n show forth thy will
and honor thee:
Holy, holy, holy, wonderful in beauty,
All else surpassing are humanity!

For 'Lord God Almighty' he has substituted 'creative energy,' which, one supposes, is in accord with 'modern materialism; but, instead of worshiping this, as he sets out to do, he transfers his reverence to 'humanity,' which surpasses 'all else,' or rather 'who surpass' all else, for the word is deliberately made as plural. Whether one receives elevation of spirit by conceiving God as a physical force and then by making humanity the object of one's highest devotion depends upon the individual temperament; but as a poetic expression of feeling Prof. Patten's version will hardly commend itself to many as an improvement on the original.

"Prof. Patten has probably not departed farther than other Christians of to-day from certain Old Testament conceptions, but even those who are as firm believers as he in the humanitarian ideals of Jesus will still appreciate the ethical and religious value of the Old Testament sentiments that many Christian hymns express, to say nothing of the beauty of their language. Moreover, when objection is made to the idea of armed conflict in such hymns as 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War,' a limitation of the material of poetic imagery is in reality insisted upon; for the warfare celebrated in this hymn is spiritual, and, however high one's aspiration, it is possible to think of life as a warfare against iniquity and error. The second line of Bishop Heber's hymn refers to a 'kingly crown.' Does anyone take that as literally a crown? If so,, the subsequent stanzas should correct this stolid way of thinking, for those to whom the reward is promised are the ones who have 'climbed the step ascent to heaven'. Surely there is something bracing about this hymn, even if one regards war as the greatest of the world's evils. And must there not be in the future a warfare against war, more effective than any that have yet been waged with this object?

'Hark! the Herald Angels Sing' is one of the hymns which received Prof. Patten's attention. He converts the first four verses into—

Listen to the wondrous song

Echoed by the growing throng
"God and man are reconciled
Thro' the coming of a child."

This is reverent and expresses religious feeling not different from that of all Christians. But is it an improvement upon Charles Wesley? That is the main question. Without attempting to furnish an answer, one may recall that Prof. Patten is not the first to rewrite this hymn. Some years since—so the story goes—the manufacturer of a celebrated proprietary medicine offered to give new hymn-books to a parish in an English town. The parishoners were pleased with their new books, but one Sunday when they began to sing this hymn of Charles Wesley's they were astonished to find that the verses printed on the page to which they turned had undergone a slight alteration, as follows:

Hark! the herald angels sing.
Beecham's pills are just the thing!
Peace on earth and mercy mild.
Two for man and one for child, etc.

"Part two of Prof. Patten's book is entitled "Songs of America." While these express a desire for pure and unselfish living and are full of ethical patriotism of a high type, they hardly amount to more than abstract exhortation or statement of principles. The old-hymn-writers, after all, used symbols that gave their thoughts a living force. It may be that if some of their thoughts are dead, or, rather, are differently interpreted, their language will live on."

The Boston Transcript remarks editorially concerning this revision:

"It may be true that this generation does not entertain the same view of the hereafter or of the operations of the Divine Power that the generation of Milton and Isaac Watts entertained. But Milton and Watts when they sang their gloomier faith sang it with a vast sincerity that seemed to lay hold on the very altars of heaven: that sincerity, and the freshness of their power over English words, produced the hymns they wrote; and there is nothing in any language to surpass the majesty of the words and measures of these old English Chants. That they were chants of fear as well as of faith does not lessen their solemn beauty, beauty which deserves better of our generation than the sort of defacement that it has received at the hands of Professor Patten."

The Transcript is of opinion that the new faith has found and is finding its expression, and cites Whittier's—

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

THE WANAMAKER EXPEDITION TO ALASKA IS LED BY AN INDIAN.

A recent news item sent out from Philadelphia reads:

Unusual interest in the expedition of the Pennsylvania University Museum, which has just started for Alaska, is occasioned by the fact that it is headed by an Indian and his Indian wife. The enterprise, which has for its object the collection of ethnological specimens from the Indian tribes of Alaska, is called the John Wanamaker expedition and is financed by him. The Indian in charge of it is Louis Shotridge, son of a chief of the Chilkat tribe. Both he and his wife, who is also a daughter of a well known medicine man of the tribe, have been educated in mission schools in Alaska and have worked for several years at the university mission, where they have been educated for the work they are now engaged in, and have assisted in arranging Indian collections.

Mr. and Mrs. Shotridge are highly intelligent. Mrs. Shotridge is an accomplished pianist and possesses an excellent singing voice. They speak very good English and have studied ethnology and anthropology. The present expedition is not their first trip to Alaska for the museum. About 18 months ago they were sent to make advanced studies of the language, manners and customs of the many Chilkat tribes from the present perspective of their higher education. They did not, however, engage in the work they are now undertaking and it is believed that this is the first expedition ever sent out under the leadership of American Indians.

In their first trip they were so successful that on their return the museum began to plan the present expedition. They took with them a phonograph, and obtained information which it s doubtful a white man could have obtained. This included ancient myths, religious beliefs and other interesting data which were taken down in the native Indian tongue and have since been translated into English by Mr. and Mrs. Shotridge.

On the completion of this work Mr. Wanamaker, who is the vice-president of the museum came forward with an offer to extend the scope of their work throughout Alaska for the collection of specimens, a large amount of material made by Indians in the stone age still being available, it is believed. It was Mr. Wanamaker, also, who purchased for the university museum the famous Eskimo collection, from the Copper Mine region, the land of Stefansson's blonde Eskimos.

MARTYRS AND HEROES.

Chas. C. Tracy, D. D., Former President Anatolia College, Marsovan, Turkey.

All Asiatic Turkey is "flowered with martyrs." Scattered over the face of the wilderness, on desert and mountain, the bones of unburied myriads lie whitening in the sun. The mortal remains of myriad mothers and children, old men and maidens, lie piled together in shallow trenches, covered with a thin veil of earth, and this because they were followers of Jesus and not of Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia. And who—what kind of people—were these who so perished? After being among these people forty-six years, I know what they are. I was acquainted with many of these martyrs. Some of them were among the dearest friends I had on earth. Many were beloved pupils, and afterwards our fellow workers. Let me tell you of some personal friends and specimens of the many.

There was Professor S—, one of our early pupils who developed fine ability, came to this country, pursued a special course, became a mathematician and an adept astronomer, able to manage an observatory. He received the first Ph. D. conferred at Carleton College; returned to Anatolia College as Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, where he served faithfully for a quarter of a century. Last August, when the awful test came, Turkish friends tried to save him. He was offered life and government service as a civil

engineer if he would but make a nominal profession of Islam. He had but one answer to give: "NO!' With twelve hundred others he was sent off into the wilds beyond Zile where they were stopped, their hands pinioned behind them, then they were taken off among the hills and never heard of more.

Thre was Professor H—. This man was my intimate friend for near thirty years, and he held to his Master when that terrible catastrophe, euphoniously called deportation, came. He with others stood by the rude oxcarts outside the College gate. He said to his missionary friend who stood by him and who had just offered prayer: "Dr. W—, I want you to know that full opportunity was given me to escape this. My Turkish friends wished to save me and offered me protection and office if I would mak a nominal profession of Islam. I said, 'No.' I wished to go with my own people and share their fate, be it what it may." These were the last words that his friends heard of him. He was doubtless murdered with the twelve hundred in the wilderness, sixty miles distant.

There was Mr. N—, head of the Industrial Department, a hearty, loving, faithful, Christian man. He, too, was seized with the two Professors and others and suffered their fate. He was a dear personal friend of mine. His wife and daughters were seized separately. The mother was dragged till she died on the road, and nobody knows the fate of the daughters.

I have given three or four cases. Multiply them by ten thousand and multiply again by ten, if you would reach the true dimensions of this Armenian martyrdom. I cannot tell you one-thousandth part of the martyrdom and heroism that have made that land look glorious, and yet our peaceful, self-indulgent country here is unwilling to be roused from its ease and bestir itself to save the remaining third or half of the Armenians who escaped the Turkish boundaries, and are perishing with starvation and famine fever. God's grace has sufficed for the martyr hosts of Asia. May His mercy be great enough to extend to the millions and millions in this land who are to busy or too comfortable to give attention to the perishing remnant of a martyred nation.

FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement has secured Rev. E. Guy Talbott, Executive Secretary of the California State Church Federation, and who was Executive Secretary of the great Laymen's Convention at Los Angeles last March, to promote the work of the Laymen's Missionary Movement on the Pacific Coast this Fall and Winter. By vote of the Executive Committee of the State Church Federation, the work of the Federation will be coordinated with that of the Laymen's Missionary Movement during the winter months, especially in making religious surveys and in holding County Institutes.

In addition to the County Institutes for church workers, Decennial Anniversary Dinners will be held in the various towns on the Coast where the conventions were held last winter. These dinners will mark the tenth anniversary of the organization of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. In connection with these dinners there will be held one or two day ministerial conferences.

The religious survey of the state which is now being made by the State Church Federation, will show a wealth of important church facts about every town and county in the State, and will be of great value in view of the coming interdenominational conferences and institutes.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

An Address by the Rev. Dr. E. S. Hill of National City on the Fiftieth Anniversary of His Entrance into the Ministry.

Joel, 2:28. "Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

This is brought down to date by two wise sayings. One, "The advance of humanity by way of new ideas and new ideals, is chiefly due to the Sunday afternoon thinking of young men." The other, "One advantage of growing old, is, that one can see from the crest of one wave to another, in the upheavals of society and the church."

Which is better, the young man's vision or the old man's dream? The unspoiled young man has a camera mind upon which things to come are impressed. He says: That which ought to be, will be, God will have it so. I would if I were God, which is the best way to think about God.

The old man says: "Things will be better than they are, for they are better than they were. The Kingdom of God is not to come by and by, it is to keep on coming as it has been doing." He has under-pinned the air-castles of his youth with experience. He has seen old evils perish; seen reforms finish their long moving by a swift advance, and has shouted for victories which he helped to win. Even the jolts and bumps in the way of progress land you on the forward side. The young man has this advantage. God always needs new men for his new work in making a new world, and new men are not born gray-headed. He must have a use for old men or he would not let them get so gray. So much for the old man for this is the old man's day.

There is always room for a young man with an old head, and an old man with a young heart. There are fragments of Sunday afternoons left over yet, and some young men who have no autos, and so have time to think. In any case a young man of ninety is better than an old man of forty. The young man has wrinkles in his brain. The old man has his on his face. There is work ahead. The world is not yet finished. The Eden picture is of a primeval forest, with a beauty spot, where the rivers are, with God's glory roses and their beauty mates, and trees with natural fruit, and all to be super Burbanked into fitness for the park of the ultimate city which the world is building by installments.

Reverent tradition thinks of the theological apple as a golden pippin; modern science considers it a crab, which makes sin seem more absurd by the badness of the bait. Since the record says nothing about an apple it needs no cedal cold storage. It is a long way from Eden to the New Jerusalem. A long way from the first garden reported to the San Diego Exposition grounds, which are the last word to date, as a beauty spot for the world. We are devouring distance on the long road and arriving by sure stages.

God is not yet through with making man. It is a long way from Adam to Edison. The tiger has not ceased to growl, nor the ape to jabber, in the jungle of human nature. Europe is today a great menagerie of angry beasts with all the cages open to the gaze of a horrified world.

We are in the Saturday forenoon of creation and the morning work is not cleared away. Unfinished tasks keep peace away. The millennium will not let men sleep. The unquenchable, instinctive demand for the perfect, a faultless fact for a holy vision, is yet in the future.

Let what has been said stand as a foreword for some

notes on the milestones passed in fifty years, and the steps taken toward the kingdom of heaven.

Let us first dispose of the personal element. Fifty years in the gospel ministry. Can you take it in? I can't. It can't be told. If it could be attempted in music, I would have an organ with ten thousand pipes, and all the winds in the world blowing through them a hurricane of notes, and ten thousand stops for every pipe, and the music would fall helpless on the edge of the unutterable. When I think back it is easy to belive in eternity. When the long winds blow from the fields of experience they toss up waves that have salt for eyes that see too much. The biggest business of man is building a good house for memory. The poorest business is trying to live in it.

Fifty years, a mere parenthesis on the page which has no edges. And yet fifty years is a thirty-eighth part of the way back to the time when the world set its clock by the star of Bethlehem. Fifty years of Christianity. A half century of the achievements of Christ. Five decades of the advance of the kingdom of heaven. To have had a pulpit, the highest throne of thought on earth, all to myself, so long, with its glorious opportunities, is something for which an angel might envy me. It is more than one-third of the life of the nation. It has nearly trebled its population in that time, and in wealth has increased still more.

What of this wonderful half century into which all preceding centuries have poured their wealth of preparedness to fulfil its mighty destiny?

Note some entries in the log of a long cruise. Growth in knowledge goes without saying. New sciences have been born, such as Geology, Evolution, Psychology, and the older ones born again by a new spirit in the thought of mankind. A college diploma finds a pocket in the farmer's overalls as a necessary title to first rank in the oldest of art. Machinery thinks. Work is more and more of the brain and less of the body. The soul of man is master of the invisible forces of nature, and has them better trained every day. Drummond said, "Burn up all your books of science that are ten years old." I know a preacher who burned a sermon that told of the coming telephone. The traditional barrel of ministers short of brains, and blind to the movement of life, becomes an explosive with such stuff in it.

We live in the age of mechanical miracle. Its marvels are too many to name. If our fathers could return, they would think they had landed on the wrong star.

Medical science, making damaged bodies over is in evidence. Man is discovering his body and its value to his soul. Salvation by surgery, lifting the skull that presses the brain, takes the shackles of flesh from the feet of the spirit and makes a degenerate eligible to the ranks of the wise and good. Men are claiming their right to live a hundred years and two or three generations are likely to see it realized.

"The greater works" of which the Master spoke are on the docket of life today, and the end is not in sight. How far man may assume what have been called the prerogatives of God, and how high "climb the world's great altar stair that slopes through darkness up to God," no man will dare to guess.

Religion. The changes in my day amount to a revolution that has not gone backward. Fifty years ago religion was doled out in the shell. It dealt with fixed religious, theological, terms more than now. Men contended for the faith more than once delivered by the saints. Calvinism and Arminianism, had small dealing except dealing hard blows intended to be fatal. Theological prize-fights, called religious debates, were about as christian as the modern squared circle. Heresy trials with artillery practice by the big guns of the church were common. Think of Albert Barnes and Horace Bushnell classed as false to God's truth.

It was a battle about words, shells of truth, with dry and mouldy meats in them if there was anything beside hot air. Dogmatism, grown up puppyism, was common. Growing thought took on an energy that burst its bonds, and growing truth is making men free.

Dogmatics is replaced by dynamics. Character is the supreme goal, and any truth is prized according to its value in making life.

Many strifes came from mere differences in form of words. "The Bible is the word of God." "The Bible contains the word of God." "The Bible is the record of a progressive and varied revelation of God to various sorts of men in different ages and circumstances." Joseph Cook spoke the great word, "There are four testaments, an oldest and the old, the new and the newest. The oldest old testament is the nature of things; the newest is Christ's continued life in the influence of the Holy Spirit." The twentieth century is reading the old testament and the new, in the light of the oldest and the newest.

We reverence the Bible as no other book. Yet you challenged it once to show cause for believing it. You set up your reason to judge the Bible. There is no other way to judge any book. You can't believe without thinking. You can't escape reason except by losing it.

The Bible tells of such a God as my soul says He ought to be; of such a Christ as I need for my Saviour; such a life as my best instincts tell me I ought to live; such ideas of right and wrong as appeal to my conscience; such a heaven as I crave when my soul is at its best. The Bible utters the thought that aches within me to be spoken. "It finds me at the greatest depths of my being," says Coleridge

> "All the music that we hear
> Listening with the outward ear,
> Would be powerless to win us,
> If there lived not deep within us
> Its innate idea."

A larger thought makes a larger Bible. The growth of thought, and of life, makes a growing Bible.

Creeds today must fit the measure of the age. We are to love God with the twentieth century mind, all of it, the new heart in our civilisation; the reinforced might; the sanctified soul.

Opinions, if hard and narrow, divide men. Sentiments, if broad and tender, unite them. The atonement used to be preached as a theory. Theories were numerous. To differ with some was to be cast out of the synagogue. We think of it now as something too high, a secret into which angels desired to look. You cannot analyze human love; how much the love of God in Christ. To dissect a sentiment is to pass post mortem judgment upon it. The world moves forward by great strides of thought. And the thoughts of men are broadened in the flight of time.

Preaching makes a nobler appeal today than ever before. Truth is the eldest daughter of God. She needs the ornaments of charity and the graces of kindness, to draw souls to her. Men should be christians because it is eter-

nally fit that they should. It is reasonable. The christian is the normal being. Loving God is nobleness. Coming to Christ is coming to self. Sin is foolish. Godliness is good sense. We no longer appeal to selfishness, no longer urge men to keep out of a bad place and get into a good one in the next world. Keeping out of prison is not so good as belonging out. Getting heaven on earth is better than loafing for the chariots of the skies.

Christians are getting together because they are bigger and fill the gaps with the breadth of their charity. I am liable to be wrong in my opinion, and most likely to be when I am most uncharitably positive that I am right. We want no orthodoxy that is a stone fort with barbed wire entanglements, and machine guns loaded with dogmas. Creeds are not silos, in which we tramp down green thoughts to ferment, and keep them from spoiling by shutting out the air and light.

"But each for the joy of working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are."

Many churches and so-called churches have sprung up in the course of my ministry. Some of them came to meet demands which our churches neglected. Materialism provokes to spiritism. Neglect of the body leads to a denial of the existence of a body. Some are so fantastic as to illustrate the boy's definition of brain as "A muscle on the top of our heads where we keep the things we don't know."

Lovers of truth and followers of Christ must become allies, and use the grand strategy of God by hurling all the forces of evil at one time and keep it up all the time. The events of the years are too many to recount. I have known so many people; have had so many blessed friends long tried and true; have had so many chances to help and cheer those who were weary and needed a word. Eight hundred people received into the church. Seven hundred and sixty-one couples joined in marriage. About two thousand funerals. Five thousand sermons and hundreds of other occasional services. I have had a grand chance in life. I would like it over again. I could make it beter.

I would like to celebrate my centennial. It seemed possible that something might happen to me before the next fifty years went by. So I have celebrated the half hundred. I am not afraid of what may happen, but as things are going I should like to see how they will come out. Humanity has not yet realized its divinity. "I said ye are God's," is becoming more true every year. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

I make my bow to the past. To one church I served so long, that was so kind to me, and is yet, to this church, the second for me as pastor,I give love, and prayers, and the hope of finding some in heaven whom I have helped to get there, makes my heart swell with exultation.

I want to see California dry this year and to see the holy drouth cover the nation and the earth. There rises before me one old man's dream which is but the young man's ripened vision of a world white and holy, doing the will of God as it is done in heaven.

Love suffers long; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things. For love understands, and therefore waits—Henry Drummond.

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING THE "PROHIBITION CHURCH."

Editor Pacific:

In the Pacific of August 17 was a "Reminiscence" that I trust was as interesting to many others as it was to me. I refer to the notice of the Prohibition Church at Santa Monica. May I have space for a few words about the final history of that church? Not many know how the experiment (for it was frankly that) ended, and I am sometimes asked about it. I was pastor for two and a half years, during which time the membership grew from twenty-seven to about sixty in spite of many dismissals on account of removal We also erected a building costing several thousand dollars. I collected the money, chiefly by personal solicitation, from friends all over the state. Some came also from friends from many other states, and even from Scotland. In my old files of correspondence I cherish letters from men in widely separate parts of the world endorsing the attitude of the Prohibition Church.

When I left I hardly knew why. It was one of those distressing experiences in the minister's career which only finds the explanation of in later years, as I did. A friend asked one of the leading members of the church frankly, "Why did you let Mr. DeKay go?" And the answer was as frank: "We wanted to change the constitution of the church to get rid of the prohibition clause. We knew we couldn't do it while he was there, so we got him out."

Therein lies the whole history of the failure of the church. During the stress of the Bryan free silver campaign some men lost their hold upon their strong prohibition views. They felt that the salvation of the country lay in free silver, and instead of leaving the church, as they could have done in good and regular standing, they sought rather to remain and change the conditions of membership. Dissension followed, a number took letters, and the church finally disbanded.

The property reverted to the W. C. T. U. according to the terms of gift, and is now the site of the residence of Superior Judge Taft of Los Angeles, a man who while never a member of that church was a warm supporter of it and friend of the pastor. I never regretted the work done in and with that "peculiar" church. It was an experiment in the progress of the Great Reform.

While it lasted it was a thorn in the side of the whole body of churches elsewhere, emphasizing the evil of the liquor traffic and calling the Christian people to practice their "rousing resolutions" against it.

Sharply criticized at times, we yet held the respect of our brethren, and retained our Associational standing to the end. With a sweet and strong insistence we kept the question before churches, conferences and associations at a time when many were trying to "lay it on the table." And to a far larger degree than many know, I believe, belongs the Prohibition Church of Santa Monica the credit for that awakened sentiment against the saloon which characterizes the whole southland.

GEO. H. DE KAY.

We have a mission to perform. Are we living true to that mission? Some day God will call the laborers to give them their reward. But it will not be until the end of "our life's little day." Then we may lay down our tools and rest. But not now and here. In this present life, the work in God's vineyard is forever calling unto us to work, for the night is coming, when no man can work.—Rev. E. E. Fisher.

SAY SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT HIM IF YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT UP.

"Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for a while;
They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;
They criticise their fellowmen at every chance they get;
They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.
From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were pointed out,
Some things that everyone of us should know a lot about.
When someone 'knocks' a brother, pass around the loving cup,
Say something good about him, if you have to make it up.

"It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good,
That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare
To show the best that's in them, and a universal move
Would start the whole world moving in a hopeful, helpful groove.
Say something sweet to paralyze the 'knocker' on the spot,
Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not.

"The eyes that peer and peer to find the worst a brother holds;
The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes and scolds;
The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength was made to raise
The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the ways.
All these should be forgiven, for 'they know not what they do';
Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones like you;
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained sin's bitter cup,
Say something good about him, if you have to make it up."

A VITAL PROBLEM.

In a paper read recently at a meeting of the Southern California Medical Association and published in the California Journal of Medicine, Dr. C. D. Ball said:

"Today criminal abortion is the most vital problem that confronts our Republic; in fact, it beggars all others combined. De Lee in the Practical Medical Series, 1912, Vol. 5, quotes Jackson as saying that there are annually in the State of Maine fifty thousand criminal abortions. If this be true, and Maine is a fair average, there are, at least, five million criminal abortions in this country every year. So startling are these figures that few outside of the medical profession will believe that they can possibly be correct. It is well to remember that a woman addicted to the abortion habit may have four abortions where she would have one labor at term. One case has been reported of a woman who miscarried thirty-six times. Germany lost in killed, wounded and missing, two and a half million men in the first eighteen months of the present war—the bloodiest war of all ages. Probably less than a million of the Germans were killed outright. During that period seven and a half million of our infants were destroyed. The world is stunned at Germany's terrible loss, but takes not the least notice of America's heart-breaking tragedy. Germany's misfortune will stagger her for a time, but America's, if continued, means annihilation..... The moral standard of the nation must be raised. Here we must be assisted by the clergy, and I feel that we may depend upon every priest and preacher in the land. They are clean, and abhor crime. No matter how much they may shrink from the task, duty will align them with us. Our patriots must arouse the patriotism of the women.

"While millions of the European soldiers are cheerfully giving up their lives for their countries, millions of American women are as cheerfully murdering their own offspring from every motive but a patriotic one. Yet there is a class almost driven by poverty to infanticide that should be protected by the nation. Many a mother's eyes fill with tears when she discovers she is pregnant. Not that she considers herself in the least, but because there is so little for the children already born—little to eat, little to wear, and little prospect of equipping them for the hard struggle of life. God help such a woman, her burden is indeed heavy. Why do not the patriots come to her relief? We have spent billions in pensions for our patriotic soldiers and we are driving these patient, faithful mothers to starvation or crime. Why do not our lawmakers save her and her children when they are so badly needed? She is as much a patriot, and as much entitled to our assistance as any man who fought at Gettysburg or El Caney."

LOOKING BACKWARD. X.

Glimpses of Pacific Coast Congregationalism in 1897.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Coming of Dr. McLean to Oakland.

Among the first church news item our eyes lighted on in The Pacific for 1897 was this:

Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., finding it impossible to attend to his duties as president of Pacific Theological Seminary and do the pastoral work needed, has resigned at Plymouth Church, much to the regret of his people. During Rev. C. R. Brown's contemplated European trip Dr. McLean will supply First Church, Oakland."

The last Sunday in April, the 25th anniversary of Dr. McLean's coming to Oakland, was celebrated by the First Church. In the morning Dr. McLean spoke on "The Minister's Psalm"—the 16th. In the evening, in addition to the First Church congregations, there were present many of the members of the churches which were the off-shoots of the First Church, established in and through the efforts of Dr. McLean—Market Street, Plymouth Avenue, Pilgrim, and West Oakland. Dr. McLean's topic that evening was reminiscences. He told of the early days of his pastorate. There were 247 members of First Church then. Oakland had only 15,000 inhabitants. There were 11 churches and 1,000 communicants. In the years since then, it was stated that 2,500 persons had united with the First Congregational Church; and that of the 247 when he came only 24 were then living and only 15 were residents of Oakland.

"The State University was in Oakland when I came here," said Dr. McLean. "President Gilman was inaugurated in our church, and two commencements were held here. I well remember preaching the first baccalaureate

sermon to graduates of the class of 1873. They were called the 'Twelve Apostles.' Since then many of the twelve have won honorable distinction in the service of the state."

Preacher and Scientist Equally the Priest of God.

At this anniversary time The Pacific quoted the Oakland Enquirer:

"It was a touching sight when the venerable Professor Joseph LeConte, himself a man who is the center of more popular affection than falls to the lot of most men, rose to speak of the twenty-five years of unbroken friendship that had existed between him and the Christian pastor. Professor LeConte is a scientist and an evolutionist; he has been called an agnostic, but his appearance and his speech were evidence that between science and religion there is a union rather than a conflict. He mentioned that he had himself been intended for the ministry, though following his natural bent he had devoted his life to the study of nature—but in the sight of infinite wisdom he and his friend, Dr. McLean, were equally priests of God. As the pastor of a church in this city for nearly twenty-five years Dr. McLean was a great builder and organizer; his work will live after him while the influence of many brilliant pulpit orators scarcely survive the echo of their words. But his influence has not been confined to the Church. He is as eminent as a citizen as he is as a clergyman, and no little share of all that is best in the community must be attributed to his life and work."

Forty Years of Congregationalism in Santa Cruz.

This was the caption of an article in September by John G. Taylor, who stated steps were taken in an old adobe house on the 26th of July 1857 for the organization of a Congregational church in Santa Cruz. The organization was on the 13th of September. At that time there were only six Congregational churches in California.

Santa Cruz had a population of 700 and was reached only by boat or stage. Even as late as 1870 Dr. Wiley went there in the old-fashioned stage. He wrote of it: "We climbed rather leisurely the eastern side of the mountain, and it took us all the forenoon. But when we passed the summit, all at once the four horses sniffed the ocean breeze, pricked up their ears, and away they went as fleet as does down the grades, leaning a little to the upper side as they gracefully turned the curves."

In the article contributed by Mr. Taylor we were told: "At the state association held with church in 1873 was organized the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. The California Home Missionary Society also was organized here October 11, 1883. The first Christian Endeavor Society among the Chinese in the United States was organized here in 1892, and the first among the Japanese in 1896. These societies among the Chinese and Japanese were instituted by the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Santa Cruz church."

The church had in 1897 a membership of 387. Three who united in 1857 were living in 1897. Pastors: J. S. Zelie, W. C. Bartlett, Walter Frear, S. H. Willey, M. Willett, J. A. Cruzan and John G. Taylor.

A Day of Rejoicing At San Diego.

The Pacific for July the 7th had a picture of a fine new church building at San Diego which had been dedicated on the Fourth of July—a building called by many the finest at that time in Southern California. It was a day of great rejoicing, for during the first ten years of its existence the First Church of San Diego had worshipped in a temporary tabernacle, unattractive in appearance and not suited for its work. The church was started in 1886, a short time after a little company of Congregationalists had met with Dr. Warren to discuss the question of a Congregational church in that city. They were twelve in number, and all were at that time members of a Presbyterian church which they had helped to a place of large influence. Among the number were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Marston and Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Gilmore. The church started with 78 members, with Dr. J. H. Harwood as first pastor. An editorial note in The Pacific the week the dedication was chronicled read: "In connection with the dedication of the fine new building at San Diego last Sunday it may be of interest to recall the fact that the Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren, on October 16, 1850, conducted the first Protestant service ever held in that city. He landed from the steamer, with the captain, the passengers, and many of the crew, and conducted the funeral services of a passenger who had died en route."

"The Man On Horseback."

The Pacific for November the 10th had the following editorial note: "A few weeks ago we published a sermon on the subject, 'The Man on Horseback. It is safe to say that no article ever published in any church paper on the Pacific Coast was more widely read than that sermon. All extra papers were soon called for; and nearly every week some one writes to learn whether it is possible to secure a copy of the paper containing that sermon. We sent a copy to a woman friend at Pacific Grove about the time the Methodist conference was in session there. One father in Israel, a Methodist, read it three times; and the paper went so far around among ministers and laymen that the lady never got it again. We took from the few copies necessarily kept on file a copy to replace her lost treasure, and a few days ago word came to us of the good that had come to a sick woman from the reading of the sermon by her bed-side recently. We are pleased to learn that the sermon has proved to good a Samaritan to so many people. * * * We need to be reminded occasionally taht we all ride some advantage that can be used to help and bless others."

The sermon was given by the Rev. Charles R. Brown in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, on the text, A certain Samaritan * * * went to him* * * and bound up his wounds * * * and set him on his own beast."

The Editor of The Pacific heard the sermon and sought it for publication.

Such was the demand for it all the way from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic, after The Pacific had given it the hearing that is wider than the pulpit hearing, that a year or two later it was made the leading sermon in a volume of sermons by Mr. Brown, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company."

Mr. Brown remarked in the course of the sermon: "The most of us are mounted. We may not be riding in a coach and six, but we have at least a small syrian donkey under us. We have money, some more, someless, all of us more than enough for actual needs. We have good homes—not palaces perhaps, but places of peace and comfort. It is a great help to a man in making the journey of life to be mounted on a good home. We have some intelligence, some knowledge of what life is and what can be made out of it —not so much wisdom as we wish, but enough to be of great service to us. We have some measure of goodness—

nothing prancy or showy; but, like the Samaritan's donkey, plain, quiet, useful every-day goodness that aids us mightily in making our way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

"As we ride along on these advantages of ours we see men by the roadside who somehow have been robbed, wounded, and are really helpless and half dead. Heredity robbed, stripped and wounded some of them. This unreliable man's father was a liar and the boy was born with his tongue twisted. That unsteady fellow had a drunkard for a father, and he began life with an unnatural thirst. These other unfortunates are shiftless—but they were born, cradled and reared, in a family atmosphere that had oxygen and nitrogen in it but lacked energy, thrift, and grit. There they are—scattered all along life's roadway! They will never be able to make the journey without some friendly lift. You cannot assist them all; perhaps you can do as the Samaritan did, and share your advantage with one. The moment you get down and set some helpless man on your own beast you begin to travel in the way of eternal life. * * *A healthy man could easily ride his donkey from Jerusalem to Jericho, robbing no one, wounding nobody by running over him—simply riding and letting ride. But that is not the way to inherit eternal life. The man who rides up to the gate of heaven comfortably mounted on his own advantages, which he may indeed have bought and paid for, but which he has not used on the road in aiding helpless men to find their way to the gate of heaven too, will find the gate shut. The very essence of Christianity is the willingness to get down off some advantage which rightly belongs to us and set some helpless man upon it."

The closing paragraphs of this graphic sermon were: "The Samaritan consecrated what he had. He 'set him on his own beast.' An ambulance would have been better or even a carriage or two men with a stretcher; but he had none of these: he had one small Syrian donkey; and such as he had he gave to the service of the wounded man.

"The streets are swarming with people who would endow colleges and build churches and establish hospitals if they were millionaires. This church is full of people who would teach in Sunday-school and speak in prayer-meeting and engage actively in Christian work if they had 'a talent for it.' * * * Silver and gold have I none,' said Peter. It was silver and gold the lame man asked, and his face fell. 'But such as I have give I thee,' added the apostle, and that gave the situation a new look. We always attach importance to what a man has rather than to what he has not. The question is not what you would do with a drove of Arabian horses or a procession of carriages if you had them, but what are you ready to do now, right here on the road, with the one Syrian donkey that you have. You can begin to use it at once in serving the needs of men. You are riding this morning on some advantage, some knowledge, some abilities, that can be used to bless and help the world; and your possession of eternal life depends upon what you do with such as you have."

Ordination of Mr. B. S. Winchester, at Snohomish, Washington.

On the 16th of November 1897 there was ordained and installed at Snohomish, Washington, one who for many years has been prominent in the religious educational work of the Congregational Church—Editor of General Publications and Educational Secretary of the Sunday School and Publishing Society; and who is now Assistant Professor of Religious Education in the School of Religion of Yale University.

The Rev. Samuel Green, one of our Washington correspondents, wrote: "The candidate presented us with a very full account of his Christian experience beginning in his boyhood at the age of eight years.* * * *For his theological belief he gave us a brief review of each of the several articles of the creed of 1883, which indicated a hearty acceptance of the same with very slight modifications.

"Mr. Winchester is a graduate of Williams College and of Chicago Seminary. Between these two courses of study he taught three years in Whitman College; and since he left the Seminary at Chicago has spent two years in study in Germany. It was very clear in this case that a man could pursue the most advantageous opportunity for thorough study, storing up such knowledge as could be found available, reaching the higest attainments, and yet have a childlike, earnest spirit, so sweet and enthusiastic as to be able to preach and teach the truth in its simplicity and with power.

"Ex-Pastor Merritt thought it was one of the happiest days of his life, and a fulfillment of his desire, to assist in the induction of such a man into the ministry as his successor."

Jonathan Edward's Fiftieth Anniversary.

On the 14th of July the Eastern Washington Letter, from E. J. Singer, told of a call on the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, at that time pastor of Pilgrim Church, Spokane.

"In the course of the conversation we learned that it was Mr. Edwards's fiftieth birthday. It was just an accident that we happened in on this occasion, but we made the most of it. The table was spread with good things to eat, and we did not think it wise to allow Mr. Edwards to enjoy them alone. * * *The half century rests very lightly on the pastor of Pilgrim Church. The majority of the years have been in the Master's service, and he has said, 'My yoke is easy and my burden light,'—which may account for Time's light footprints. We hope that there may be many years of labor in the future for our brother. Three churches have been built within the three years of his pastorate in this field. Mr. Edwards has been connected with the building of every Congregational church but one in the City of Spokane."

The Pacific in 1897.

In December 1896 Deacon S. S. Smith and the Rev. John Kimball who had carried on The Pacific for eighteen years laid down the work, on account of failing health, and announced: "Rev. J. A. Cruzain, well known as a minister on this coast, a practical man, formerly a printer and editor, will be our successor.* * *Our prayers and our best wishes will always go out for the dear old Pacific. May it live forever! May no eastern papers, or local church papers, or divisions, or anything else, displace it.* * * It has been a great privilege to publish a paper for these eighteen years which from the beginning of its existence has always been recognized as needed and as a power for good.

Mr. Cruzan wrote in the first issue in January 1897:

"We count it an honor in assuming the management of The Pacific to succeed such men as Douglass, Hunt, Willey, Benton, Blakeslee, Mooar, Kimball, and Deacon S. S. Smith. As the 'Introductory' in the first number says 'with no hope of gain' these noble men have given unstintedly of their time, their thought, and their money to furnish our Congregational churches on The Pacific coast a religious journal. Other papers have come and gone but The Pacific has remained and has increased in power and use-

fulness; has been a strong helper to every pastor, and an advocate of all that was good and true, because of the sacrifices of these noble men. We know that in writing these words we only poorly express the gratitude of Pacific Coast Congregationalists.

"We are sure that it will be a pleasure to all our Pacific Coast readers to know that the Rev. George Mooar, D. D., is still to be a regular contributor to the editorial pages of The Pacific. The paper would not be the same without his clear, forcible, scholarly articles.

"We are now forming a corps of contributing editors consisting of some of the brightest men of our denomination on the Pacific Coast.

"The cheerful readiness on the part of his brethren, many of them already overburdened with work to assist him in making The Pacific a strong and able paper, is most gratifying to the managing editor. We well know what sacrifices the busy pastor must make when he consents to find even a little time for editorial work."

On July the 7th The Pacific contained this editorial note: "The Managing Editor of The Pacific has been for the past six months attempting to do the work of three men, having not only the editorial work but the business management as well. Overwork has caused the return of an old trouble with his eyes and relief has been found necessary. An arrangement has been made by which Mr. Thomas J. Davis, 523 Market Street, temporarily assumes the business management.* * * * Letters concerning the editorial and literary departments should be addressed as heretofore, to The Pacific, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco."

On the 4th of August a note read: "On account of the acceptance of the pastorate of the North Berkeley Church by Rev. J. A. Cruzan, the managing editor of the Pacific, an associate editor has been secured for a time. Rev. W. W. Ferrier, an experienced newspaper man and editorial writer before entering the ministry, takes this position. Mr. Ferrier is already in the office and has had much to do with the preparation of this issue."

The one thus announced began in fact to be editor and manager of The Pacific at that date—a work which has been continued now for more than nineteen years. It was at his suggestion that the announcement was made, and Mr. Cruzan's name was left on the paper for a time as editor and his placed there as associate editor. He was far from certain that he could conclude to undertake the work, except temporarily and thought that another change in a few months would be damaging both to the paper and to him who should undertake it. The assumption of the work for a time came about in this way: At the close of his pastorate at Pacific Grove in September 1896 he went East for the winter. Coming back to California a few days before the International Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco in 1897 he went a few hours after arrival in Oakland to a Y. M. C. A. service where Professor Foster, who at that time occupied the Chair of Systematic Theology in Pacific Seminary, was the speaker. At the close of the service Professor Foster came at once with the remark that he was delighted that his letter had had speedy personal response. When he was asked "What Letter?" and explanations had been made, it was ascertained that the name of the writer had been suggested by him to the board of directors of The Pacific as a suitable person to take charge of the same and that he had been requested to write to ascertain if the position would be accepted. The letter and the traveler from Indiana to California had passed on the way. Mr. Cruzan was anxious to be relieved at once. He was given aid in the preparation of the issue for July 14 by a "write-up" of the Christian Endeavor Convention, and about a week later he had the promise that the work would be taken the first of August in the manner announced.

For the five months remaining in 1897 the Editor had for himself after other bills were paid less than $30 a month. We shall give some account next week of the consideration of plans which adopted late in 1898 have made possible the publication of the paper down to the present time.

PROGRAM OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held the first Wednesday in September, the sixth of the month, at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, corner of Post and Mason.

The morning session will convene at ten o'clock and be opened with a devotional service led by Mrs. Francis J. Van Horn. Reports of Secretary and Treasurer will follow. An interesting presentation of the work and activities of the Board will be given in the form of a "Council Table" presided over by Mrs. James H. Lash, president of the Southern California Branch. "Missions in the Sunday-schools, our new plans for Sunday-school Study and Offerings," the "Thank-offering," "Literature and Summer Conferences," "Mission Study," "New Connection between Home and Foreign Interests" will be the subjects of discussion.

The new study book for the year, "World Missions and World Peace," will be reviewed by Mrs. Paul Raymond, author of "The King's Business." Report of Foreign Secretary Mrs. E. R. Wagner will close the morning session.

Those desiring to bring a lunch will be comfortably provided with places to enjoy it, and be served with tea.

The afternoon session will convene at 1:30. The first hour will be devoted to a young people's service led by Miss Bertha Allen, of Pasadena, who has recently been appointed by the Board as teacher of the Union Kindergarten Training school at Foochow, China, and will sail September 26 to take up her work. The devotional exercises of the hour will be conducted by Miss Steinbeck, Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of China. Mrs. George H. Hinman's "Story of Foochow" and a solo by Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks will next be enjoyed.

Mrs. Frederick P. Beach who is returning to the Foochow Mission after a year's furlough at home, will speak on "Kindergarten work in Foochow." Mrs. Beach is a speaker of rare magnetism and interest. Of equal interest will be the address of Miss Nina E. Rice of Southern California who arrived home last month from her work in Turkey, where for several years past she was engaged in work for Armenian and other girls in the most interesting school at Sivas. Her message cannot fail to appeal deeply to every heart.

The service of recognition for Miss Bertha Allen as the Board's latest recruit will be a privilege that can seldom be witnessed or enjoyed. Miss Allen whose home is in Pasadena will be presented by Mrs. James H. Lash whose home likewise is in Pasadena. Dr. Henry H. Kelsey, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board, will formally re-

cognize Miss Allen as a commissioned worker. Her adoption into comradeship will be expressed by Mrs. Reed B. Cherington, president of the W. B. M. P. A welcome will be extended by Mrs. Frederick P. Beach who is a member of the same mission to which Miss Allen is appointed. A communion service administered by Dr. H. Melville Tenney and Dr. Henry H. Kelsey, Corporate Members of the American Board, will unite all present in a consecrated fellowship with the latest representative of the board who goes across the seas to carry on its work.

Between the afternoon and evening sessions a time of Congregational fellowship is expected when men and women will meet about the dinner table in the Sunday-school room of the Church. Mrs. Robert S. Osgood, president of the Washington Branch, will act as toast-mistress. A large attendance is urged for this time of cordiality and good will.

At 7.45 the evening meeting will be opened by Rev. E. A. King, of San Jose. After short addresses by the visiting missionaries, the Rev. Albert W. Palmer will deliver an address on "Missions as a Preparation for Internationalism."

Word of warning: Anyone planning to be absent from any session, morning, afternoon, or evening, will find later that the particular session which was unattended proved to be the richest and best in information, power and inspiration. Do not risk being disappointed.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. George Laughton will give a sermon.

The Rev. George Laugton of Hilo, Hawaii, closes his supply work in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, next Sunday. He and his family leave for Hawaii the following Wednesday on the Matsonia. While here Mr. Laughton has received word that the church has purchased a new parsonage for them during his absence, in the best residential section of the city. This, with the new Social Hall that is nearing completion, means an advance in the value of the Church property during the present year of more than twenty thousand dollars.

The author of "Pilgrims of Iowa" wrote a few years ago concerning the Rev. Edwin S. Hill, of National City, whose fiftieth anniversary address we print this week: "He was one of the seventeen students of the first year of Tabor Academy, and was still there at the breaking out of the war. Enlisting in the Fourth Iowa Infantry, and engaging in all its battles, this swarthy, wiry youth, came up from the trenches of Vicksburg and from other grim experiences of war, to enlist in a longer and more strenuous campaign, staying by the guns at Atlantic City for forty years—one of the most brilliant soldiers that ever battled for his country and for the kingdom of God. In this his only pastorate he officiated at seven hundred and fifty-nine weddings and about two thousand funerals, and left the church with a membership of three hundred and three."

"The Place of the Bible in Our Essential Living" is the title of a twenty-three page pamphlet issued by the Rev. Leslie B. Briggs, pastor of the Congregational Church at Santa Cruz. The author states that it is "an attempt to set forth in a simplified way a basis for Bible study which will meet the needs of laymen in this busy and critical age." Among the words in this pamphlet are these: "The Bible when approached, free from prejudice of friend or foe and when studied in the spirit of the men who wrote it, becomes a lamp unto our feet, a companion in our joy, a comfort in our suffering and a hope in our struggles. It is an echo from the spirits of heaven. It is profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, which is in righteousness. It has in it enough that is pointed and simple to meet every need of the mind that has short reaches. It has in it enough that is veiled and sublimely mystic to furnish inexhaustible food for the best minds that the progressive ages will ever produce. It is the most indispensable record of life, guide for life and hope for life known to man. It needs no apologies nor does its future depend upon its defence by men. like the sky, it will endure without props. Upon its recorded truth, as a foundation, must all future truth be based, for all future revelations will be but illustrations of the essentials that are recorded in the Bible."

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Mr. William D. Macdonald, a graduate of Grinnell College and a student in Pacific Theological Seminary, has been engaged as Social Service Director by Plymouth Church, Oakland. Mr. Macdonald will be superintendent of the boys' department in the Sunday-school and general supervisor of all Plmouth Center activities.

Mr. Robert D. Collyer, also a Pacific Theological Seminary student, will be Student Assistant. He will do Sunday-School calling, lead a large organized class of small boys and have general oversight of the Intermediate Christian Endeavor.

At the Wednesday evening meeting this week the theme will be: "The Ninth Anniversary of the Present Pastorate." Sixty-two of the members at this time were members nine years ago.

SAN JOSE.

Rev. E. A. King occupied his pulpit at San Jose last Sunday after a pleasant though somewhat busy summer. After returning from the Yosemite, where he attended the Conference, he gave a steroption lecture at Mt. Hermon on "The Life of Jesus" using his remarkable Taylor pictures. He preached the sermon at the Annual Conference of the Indian Association at Mt. Hermon. His subject was "The Last Man in the Procession."

Mr. King was one of the faculty at the State Summer Conference of Christian Endeavorers at Mt. Hermon for ten days in August. His topics were "Public Speaking" and "Home Missions" together with the leadership of several conferences.

The San Jose Church sent the largest delegation to the Yosemite Conference of any church in Northern California. They are arranging for a "Yosemite Night" on Thursday evening, September 7th, at which time moving pictures of Yosemite and "still pictures of moving subjects" will also be shown. The meeting will be open to all.

On Sunday evening, September 3rd, Mr. Thomas H. Reed, the new manager of the city of San Jose, is to speak on "How to make San Jose a Prosperous City." Mr. Reed as a Congregationalist and is proving the right man in the right place at the head of the city government.

Twenty-two churches of San Jose enter upon a union re-

vival campaign, September tenth, for a period of six weeks. A huge tabernacle is to be erected and the energy of all the Protestant churches is to be brought together for a great religious and moral uplift under Evangelist Biederwolf.

FAREWELL WEEK AT CAMPBELL.

August 27, was Mr. Atkinson's last Sunday at Campbell, completing a pastorate of 13 fruitful years. In the morning the pastor spoke on "Where we rest our Faith." In the evening on "The Great Mother Lode of Christian Truth." The house was crowded both times. In the evening the other church dismissed their service and came over.

These have been busy days at the Campbell Parsonage. Packing, burning 400 old sermons, farewell dinners, nearly one a day, and the many things incident to leaving a 13 year long pastorate.

Thursday evening the entire community joined with the Campbell Church in a farewell reception to their departing pastor and his wife. The four larger rooms of the church were crowded with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson were presented with a beautiful set of silver, and Mrs. Atkinson with a "sum of money" to put into "something." Both were also remembered by their respective Sunday School classes. Mr. Atkinson has received into the Campbell Church 204 members, 89 of them on confession of their faith. Campbell Church is unique in having had only two pastors in its 28 years of life. It is one of the best country churches in all California.

Rev. W. E. Eckles supplies the church September 3 and 10. The church hopes to call a pastor very soon.

SARAH FREEBORN PRICE.

Sarah Freeborn Price, wife of the Rev. Francis M. Price of Paotingfu, China, passed into the heavenly life, at a mountain resort near Paotingfu, on the second of August, 1916, at the age of 62.

Along with Mr. Price she had been in missionary work in Micronesia and China since 1883, with intervals of service in the churches of the home land.

Mr. Price wil remain in the mission work at Paotingfu.

A church that will always remember the loving ministry of Mr. and Mrs. Price is Park Church, Berkeley, where they were working when there came a profound feeling that they ought to go again to the foreign field. Regained health, after a sojourn in the homeland, made this possible; and with remarkable faith they turned again to the Orient, going out at first as independent workers. Later they became again representatives of the American Board.

MEETING OF BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Eighty-third meeting of the Bay Association will be held at the Bethlehem Church, S. F., located on 24th St., near Vermont S., on Tuesday September 12.

The afternoon program will consist of three addresses. Rev. R. C. Brooks, D. D., will speak on "Impressions of Hawaii"; Rev. O. F. Wisner, D. D., on "The Story of a Christian Chinese"; and Rev. A. W. Hare on "The Temperance Situation in California". In the evening there will be an address by Rev. R. R. Lloyd, D. D., formerly a Professor in Pacific Theological Seminary.

As usual, the ladies of the entertaining church will serve supper for the delegates at 25 cts. each. To reach Bethlehem Church from the Ferry Bldg., take the Howard St. car, getting off at Vermont St.. Each church is entitled to three delegates.

THE SPELL OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Arthur Bryant Strong.

Oh Breath of the Infinite Breathing,
Thou hope of the unseen way,
Enter the depths of our being,
Hear, oh hear, as we pray.

We come to thy Mountain temple,
We bow at thine alter of praise,
We seek the prophet's mantle,
We would be thine always.

We are awed at the wondrous color
That glorifies commonest things;
The clouds of tomorrow seem ocean.
The silence of yesterday sings.

Words are now lost in the making,
Language has palled on the way,
Feelings lie deeper than sayings—
In silence we worship and pray.

The shadows of evening are falling,
Heaven's calm is over the land,
Hushed for thy blessing we tarry,
As darkness unfolds from thy hand.

Pasadena.

The Home.

KEEP PLEASANT.

"Blessed are the joy makers" said Willis. What would be grander if everyone should follow the photographer's advice: "Look pleasant"? It is his greatest difficulty to obtain pleasing expressions. How the habit of looking cheerful would benefit mankind; if it were possible to get away from those sour, crusty, worried, eager looks that are stamped on many faces, how bright the world would be.

What a splendid satisfaction as we pass through streets, elevators, cars, and business houses to see a smile and the picture of happiness. Showing kindness, a cheerful word, a delightful good morning, would do much. We sometimes encounter people who act and seem to want to meet you; they give you the impression that feels like a relative, that you are more like a brother or sister. How happy it would make each of us, if everywhere we went we could confront those cheerful, kind, well-wishing faces, such people would help lighten the burden of everyday life! Few of us realize how much happiness we might make by looking pleasant. We little imagine what a joy it is to the downcast, heavy-hearted person to meet

the one of all smiles. It means much to be spoken to in a friendly, inspiring encouraging manner.

Thousands go through the streets of our cities longing for a friendly word, a kind expression of sympathy. But no one speaks, seems to care, or show courtesy toward you and apparently caring not whether you live or die. It is but a moment; why pass one by regardless of their presence? There is no one so rich, so poor, but they deserve a kind greeting; this is a dreary, old world the best we can make of it, why not extend the hand of gladness to your strange friend?

A kind word,a friendly act has been the turning point of more than one person. Have you ever thought how much benefit we can be to each other? Take as an illustration the young person who is working, striving, straining every nerve in order to gain the goal and say: "You are succeeding, you are improving, or keep at it you are bound to win." Such words often work like magic, and what a tremendous meaning they have. A little word of encouragement brings out that dogged determination to win the day. Cheer them on, it costs you but little and aids to reach the end.

In time of battle let the band strike up a good live tune and it at once sets the red blood in every man's body on fire. It is superb to meet men and women of agreeable manner. Again, how often does it happen that we think because a man is making good that he needs no praise? What a mistake! It makes no difference how far up the ladder we may ascend a gratifying word or smile is worth its weight in gold. Regardless of how little your business may be a jolly word goes deep.

If each one would seek to comfort his brother, offer an assisting hand, a merry smile, there would be less cause for war. The typical politician is a fair example, he has a handshake for everyone. God did not intend us to be narrow-minded, selfish, and cold, but greet all with kind words and deeds; there is no one but can scatter a few words of sunshine along the way.—J. M. Baldwin.

For The Children.

GREEDY THOMAS.

When Thomas Jefferson McKenzie was able to spell his own name his father gave him a pair of long overalls with a hip-pocket in them. The first thing he did was to hurry acorss the field to show them to his friend, Mr. Warren, who was busy picking strawberries.

Thomas strutted up behind him and said, "Hello, there!" in a big voice.

Mr. Warren jumped so he almost upset his basket of berries. "Why, hello, captain!" he said, "where did you come from?"

When Thomas giggled, Mr. Warren saw that it was only his little neighbor in new overalls, and then how they both laughed!

"Do you like strawberries?" asked Mr. Warren.

Thomas nodded and licked his lips expressively, for he was sure he liked strawberries better than anything else in the world.

"Help yourself," said Mr. Warren. "Eat all you can; there are plenty here to fill even as big a man as you."

Thomas grinned and began to cram the great, juicy berries into his mouth. Oh, how good they were! They did not need to be chewed, so he stuffed them in as fast as he could with both hands.

Pretty soon he found some that were not quite so sweet as the first ones had been, but he kept right on eating. Then his throat began to act funny and refused to swallow, but he was not nearly ready to stop. He crowded a few more into his mouth, but his overworked throat got so stubborn that he had to wait a long time before they would go down.

All at once he remembered his hip-pocket. He pounced down on the berries and began filling that pocket as fast as he had done his mouth. When it was jammed full he filled his hands and started home.

There was a long high fence to climb, and he sat on top of it a long time, trying to make his throat hungry enough to swallow the berries he held in his hands.

Suddenly a rabbit hopped out from under some weeds. Thomas dropped his berries and, sliding off the fence, scampered after it. He scrambled over logs and through bushes, but the rabbit ran back into the woods, and Thomas went home.

When he came to the house he wondered if dinner was ready; then he remembered his berries, but when he put his hand into his pocket there were no berries there. He thought he must have sat down in the creek when he was chasing the rabbit, for his pokcet seemed to be full of wet sand, and his overalls were soaking wet.

"Thomas Jefferson McKenzie!" exclaimed his mother. "Where have you been?"

"I've lost my berries!" he whined. "The berries I put in my hip-pocket."

Mother only shook her head and looked sorry, for the berries had been mashed, and all but the seeds had dripped through his pocket.

He never cared to wear the overalls again, for they were the color of strawberries, and he was ashamed to tell people how greedy he had been.—Elizabeth Ralston in Our Little Ones.

JOURNEY OF A COLLIE DOG AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

I came a long way to live in the city where Our Dumb Animals is published, and perhaps you would like to know about my trip of over three thousand miles. My "private car de luxe," as one of the baggagemen called it, created quite a little attention all along the journey and this brought forth from the trainmen and others who saw it some stories of how animals are shipped, which made me feel very sad. I am going to tell some of them to you, so if any of you, kind readers, ever send pets on trips you will remember to look out well for their comfort.

I heard one of the depot men tell another that there were very many people who shipped dogs, cats and birds by express on Fridays and Saturdays expecting they would reach their destination before Sunday. Many times they would not, however, but instead the poor things would be in an express office over Sunday, with no water and food (as the express regulations are such that the expressmen have no authority to give them food or drink). Others told, when seeing my comfortable crate, how thoughtlessly inconsiderate shippers often were in putting pets in such small crates that they were very cramped and uncomfortable. One expressman, after reading my letter which I will give below, said, "Well, if everyone who shipped an animal took that much thought for its welfare on the journey, short or long, there'd be a lot less suffering."

I was six days coming from Portland, Oregon, to Boston, because I had three stop-overs—a few hours in Nampa, Idaho, over night in Chicago, and then my mistress met me in Syracuse, New York, took me out of my crate and gave me a good run before we came on to my new home.

My well-built crate was some larger than my dog-house. I think it cost my mistress a pretty penny in express, but she says I am worth it and I try to be. It was made of smooth slats and was stained a dark brown. It had a good mattress, firm holders for my food basin and my drinking bowl, and a wide, well-hung door, which was kept padlocked and the baggageman had the key. On top of the crate was fastened a framed letter, which all seemed to enjoy reading and which insured me good care and attention. This was the letter:

To Trainmen, Baggage-Masters, Express Agents, and Friends:—

My very good friends:—I am going on a long journey, and not being accustomed to traveling, am naturally very nervous.

But not because I do not trust you, for I do with all my heart, because as you know a dog has a heart as well as a man, and I am one of the best friends a man ever had.

I know you will be good to me. **Won't you please give me plenty of fresh water every day?** But please do not feed me until after I leave Chicago for Boston. The reason I ask this is that when I get to Nampa, Idaho, I will be met by my very good friend, Paul Harris, who will personally conduct me to Chicago and will look after my food, because he knows just how much and what kind of food I ought to have.

From Chicago I will go by express to Boston, where my very dear mistress will meet me. Her address is Mrs. Ethel B. Hogan, . . . Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. She is the very best woman in the world (to me) and treats me like I wish every good dog in the world could be treated.

One square meal between Chicago and Boston. I would like to have one, good, square meal a day, no more. I like beefsteaks (well done—I never eat raw meat), eggs, potatoes, gravy, carrots, and some other kinds of vegetables.

Please call me Bill or Billie. That is the name everybody calls be, although, of course, I have got one of those great long names inherited from my much beribboned Scotch ancestors, who were great people for blue ribbons, gold medals at bench shows and all that sort of thing, but as for me I prefer the name everybody calls me by, **Billie Dennis Hogan,** even if it does sound a bit Irish, of which I am not ashamed.

The best thing in life it seems to me is to be loved, and so I just enjoy best to love everybody. I love men, but being a man myself, I am a little partial to the ladies, especially as my good mistress is a lady.

Maybe you will enjoy reading this little letter tacked on the top of my "private car." Thank you. BILLIE.

—Irene Armstrong in Our Dumb Animals.

SOME EPIGRAMMATIC SAYINGS OF EMILY DICKINSON.

No message is the utmost message, for what we tell is done.

Trust is better than contract, for one is still, the other moves.

Our own possession, though our own, 'tis well to hoard anew, remembering the dimensions of possibility.

The things of which we want the proof are those we know the best.

Where we owe but little we pay. Where we owe so much it defies money, we are blandly insolvent.

Adulation is inexpensive, except to him who accepts it. It costs him Himself.

There is no first nor last in Forever. It is Centre there all the time.

In a life that stopped guessing you and I should not feel at home.

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